

## Dinner Party? - A Surrealist Short Story by David Gadelkarim

A joyous occasion that makes its presence known only once a year has once again arrived at last. As I look on at my four closest friends, I plaster a wide grin on my face, as I welcome them to my Super Special Birthday Dinner Extravaganza! The presence of my favorite people in our reality cover the room in a delightful scent of happiness, friendship, and impending doom. Allow me to introduce my four best friends: George Stevens from the grocery store, Our One True Lord and Savior, my clone, and ☆ the embodiment of all human sin ☆. I am just so happy right now, I could cry! However, I force my tears to return to their homes, for this party only belongs to five characters, and their involvement would ruin the mood. I do feel bad though, as Mr. and Mrs. Tear have been with me for the entire year, yet I exclude them on the only day that breeds joy in my calendar year. My internal monologue gets disrupted, as the force of a world renowned blade feels as if it got lodged into my skull. An unrivaled heaviness ensues as my grip on reality weakens. What is reality? How many times have I had this party already? Am I truly happy?

A dinner is incomplete without some good food! All of my best friends brought with them their own dishes from their respective cultures, as expected of my favorite people in existence. My dinner table, filled to the brim with a bombardment of bright colors taking the shape of celebratory decorations, has been deemed fit to act as the stage for these otherworldly dishes. Impatience momentarily dictates my body, however I push back my impulse, as it is just rude for me to start eating without saying hello to my guests! One by one, I thank them for coming, and ask how they are doing. They shoot back with their quirky yet expected quips, as George Stevens starts once again ranting about his day job. Oh George! Silly, quirky George. George and I have been friends for longer than I can remember. It all happened back when... All thought oozes out of my brain, my mouth starts fluttering like a butterfly's wing with no words making their way outside those unbreakable gates. Who on earth is George? Who am I? How many times have I had this party already? Someone... anyone... I know you are reading, aren't you?

My clone and I bust a hearty laugh at George's antics, that George truly never ceases to amuse me and I. After George completes his anticipated monologue, I skip over my clone to ask Our One True Lord and Savior how he has been doing. I have no need to ask my clone how he has been doing, afterall, I have been talking to him for years now, having the same suffocatingly dull conversations for what feels like an eternity. He seems to be the only person to truly understand me, although I do not think he knows a single thing about me. Wait a minute, I can't be thinking about my clone right now, it's Our One True Lord and Savior's time to shine! He has not had a moment of characterization yet in this story, how selfish of myself! I am frankly disappointed in me! Finally, after a certain rude individual takes away from his big moment, Our One True Lord and Savior gets to speak, and his voice is like music to my ears. Is he even saying words? I sure can't tell, but what I do know is that my desire to eat human flesh is growing with every passing second! George Stevens, I love that guy. I wonder how he would react if I took a bite from his arm, and leg, and head, and heart, and soul. and soul. And soul! What a funny joke that would be, I am sure we would be laughing about that for days on end if it did happen! Although, I can only really see him today. Today is the only day. An immortalized dinner party full of joy and happiness! Nothing else matters, nobody else matters. I have succumbed to my fate, there is no longer a future for me. Just have

fun, that's all that matters. Nobody can reach you here, it's just you and yourself, it's just me and myself. This is the funnest day ever. Someone please help...

Our One True Lord and Savior seems to be cracking a hilarious joke, although it is quite unfortunate that none of us seem to understand his tongue. We laugh alongside him anyways, and continue to laugh as the booming void emerging from his parting lips pierces every fiber of our beings. Laughter is the only thing we can do now, as his voice gradually escalates in pitch and volume. Eventually, it becomes so loud that we can no longer hear it, or anything else now that I think about it. But we still put all our soul into our laughter. It seems like Our One True Lord and Savior is quite proud of his joke; his body starts uncontrollably vibrating at frequencies that turn my eyes into balls of hellish flames just by looking at him. Suddenly, he stops, and unhinges his jaw, spewing deformed monstrosities with no shape or personality. Yet, contrary to this story's outline, the byproducts of his vomit start moving erratically. There are an infinite number of them, yet I cannot see any of them. We still let out the hardest laughs we ever have in our entire lives, while the figures ravaging this dinner party become clearer. They are me, they are all me. After leaving his hellspawn (surely it would be heavenspawn, right? Is he who I say he is? Who is that? Who are you?) in the party, Our One True Lord and Savior unfortunately has to say goodbye, as he combusts into fragments smaller than the subatomic particles that compose my mortal vessel. My clone joins them, and so do I, as we turn our heads to George Stevens, who is having a fun time like the rest of us. The tears pouring out of his eyes seem to be an indication of his enjoyment. His tears intensify proportionally to our adjacency. Dig in, boys! It is a free meal! Thank you for offering us your flesh, Mr. Stevens! Every single one of my clones starts cannibalizing our resident quirky 9 to 5 worker.

After being shunned for so long, Mr. and Mrs. tear make their way out of my eyes in hordes, while I witness my best friend being eaten in front of my very eyes. Everyone is at my party, I am so happy! So what if Our One True Lord and Savior exploded? So what if my transformation into a carnivorous raven has been completed? So what if George Stevens has been left without a trace? So what if my clones and I are now cannibalizing each other for supremacy to see who becomes the supreme clone? I am having the time of my life!

It is finally over... nobody else remains but myself, and the last person in this party who He forgot to welcome. How rude of me! I kill Mr. and Mrs. tear with my hands to address my comrade, shrouded in darkness, who has been sitting at the edge of the room cackling to himself this entire time. Mr. and Mrs. tear cannot stop, they turn red, and fill the room, while I ask my final friend one last question. This devious boy responds to my final request with a sarcastic smile, and an arrogant monologue.

“A prison is but a home for the unworthy. Your mind is your prison, and your sentence is eternal.”

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